

The World.

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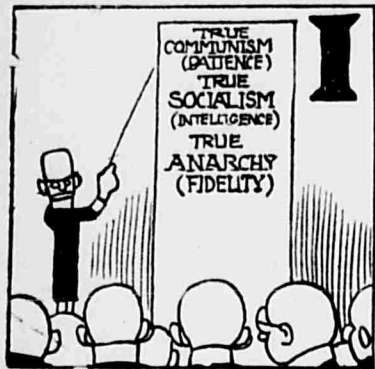
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STUDY POLITICS.



In an address to the Harvard political club Justice Gaynor advised his hearers to study political theories and beliefs. He pointed out what The Evening World said the other day, that many people do not understand the difference between communism, socialism and anarchism.

It is often incorrectly asserted that socialism teaches the equal division of property and that under socialism all the wealth of the community would be evenly distributed per capita.

This is akin to a like incorrect statement that anarchism is a sort of a school for instruction in the throwing of explosive bombs.

Neither anarchism nor socialism advocates the equal division or the common ownership of all property. That is what communism advocates.

Communism has been tried several times in the United States by men and women of high character and great intellectual capacity. The late Charles A. Dana was at one time a member of a communistic community. The Shaker colonies at Lebanon and west of Albany, the Oneida community, various settlements in Pennsylvania and in the Middle Western States have practiced communism for a long time. Fifty years ago these communities were more numerous and populous than now. Their communistic experiments have not succeeded.



The principle of communism is that everything should be owned in common and that everybody should work for the common good. The family is merely that many individuals in the community. The children are raised and cared for by the community, as are the sick and aged and infirm. Food is furnished to all according to their needs, and work is required from all according to their capacity.

Clothes are uniform, with distinctions of sex and size. The food is uniform, the quantity varying according to appetite. Work is compulsory and leisure hours are regulated.

And yet human nature is such that the recruits to these communities are few and the truants are many. The children break away from the communal life to go into the outside world of struggling ambition and disappointed hopes.

Why do not some anarchists and socialists form communities of their own, where they can run things their own way, and see how these experiments result?

No law and nobody would prevent them from trying experiments with themselves as the communists have. These experiments, if successful, if they resulted in happiness, prosperity, peace and contentment, would make more converts to either socialism or anarchy than all the bombs of the past century.



IN SUNDAY'S WORLD.

All Roman Catholics will be interested in the illustrated account of the plans for the celebration of the jubilee of New York's diocese, which begins April 26. Archbishop Farley, Cardinal Logue and other dignitaries of the Church will be the leading figures.

More will be told to-morrow of the alliance between the gamblers and the police; how gambling could not exist without police toleration, and how police toleration continues because the gamblers pay for it.

Women will enjoy an interview with Mme. Mehmed Ali, who says, "I never set eyes on any man but my husband," and who had never seen her husband when she married him, at the age of fourteen. She had seen his photograph, though, and if she had not liked the photograph she would not have married him.

These are only a few of the entertaining articles in to-morrow's Sunday World, which you should be sure to order in advance from your newsdealer.

Letters from the People.

Yes, Except for Residents.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is a marriage license required in New Jersey?
L. M. P.

To Protect School Children.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
The residents of Washington Heights who children attend the public school at One Hundred and Eighty-second Street west of St. Nicholas Avenue, fought to secure the usual police protection against the school during assembly and dismissing hours. This is a measure made imperative by the automobile and motor cyclists who have lately made St. Nicholas Avenue a highway to hell. From One Hundred and Eighty-second Street streetway to its terminus, a favorite speeding stretch.
WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

Security for Jobs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A man can have plenty of nice positions, if he has good luck of securing them without security. But how about a man who has had much sickness and several deaths in his family, so that

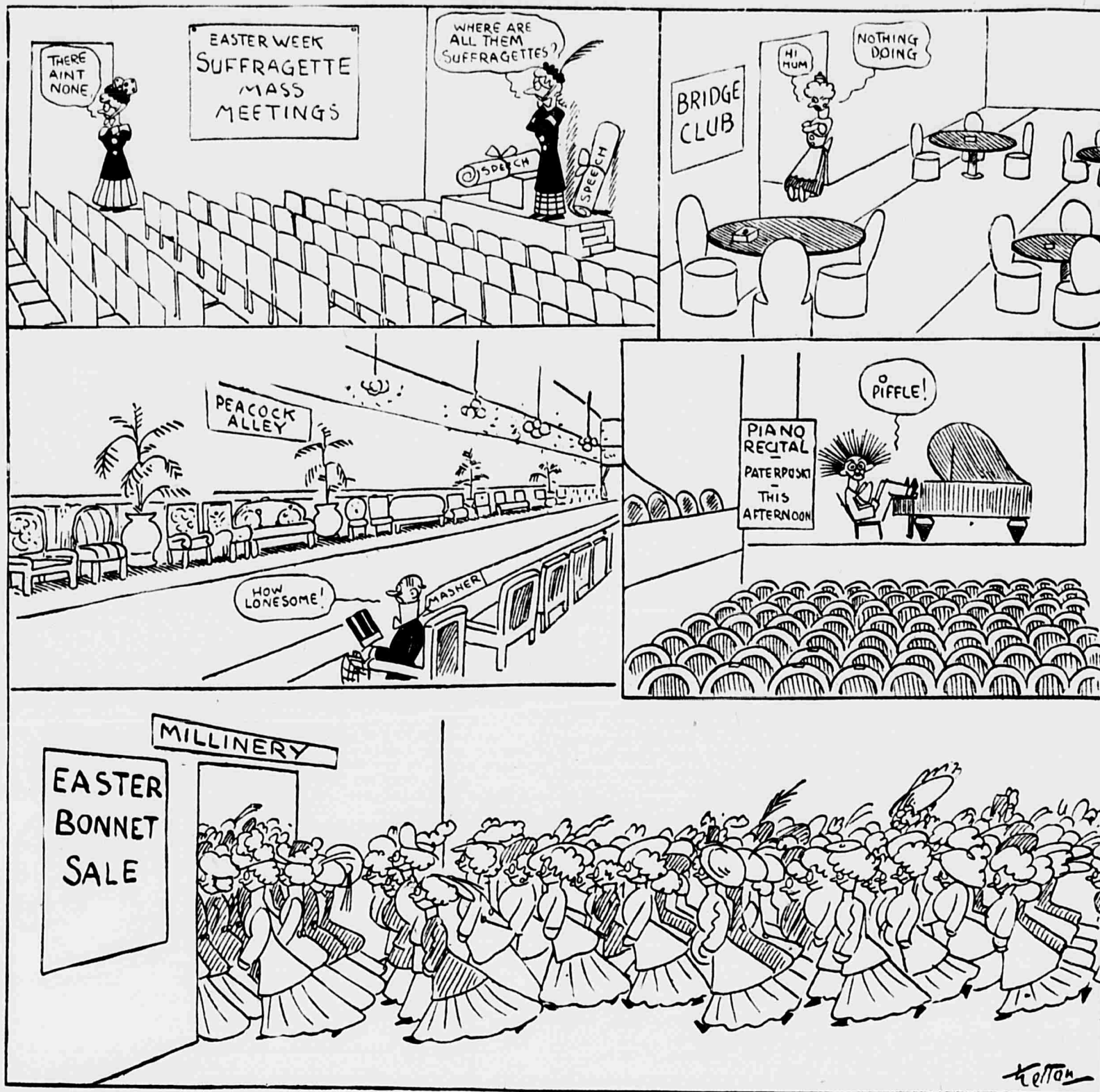
he never got the chance of saving a cent, one who was glad that his earnings reached from one week to the next? Such a man might be the most industrious, but he often cannot secure a decent position if he has no money to give security. Philanthropic people who are giving money to charity should make up a fund by which an honest man could borrow money as security so he could get a good position.
Miss M. B.

"One-Step" Cars.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can anyone tell me why Jackson Avenue cars to Flushing, Jamaica and College Point have only one step on them, when they should have two to be convenient to get on and off? The step must be about eighteen inches high or over.
E. B. P.
Flushing, L. I.

At No. 230 Lafayette Street.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where could I find the Italian Consul-General in New York City?
CASIMIR.

The Issue of the Day.

By Maurice Katten.



The Chorus Girl Imitates a Moving Picture Play And Gives the Recipe for Making a Musical Show

By Roy L. McCardell.



"I'm but a child, kid, and if a dark stranger follows me, I don't know whether it's a man or an officer of the Cruelty to Children Society. But I have saw vaudeville put a crimp in Art, and I've saw vaudeville put to sleep by moving pictures, and now the eye-strain shows is preparing to put over another one that will nail down the lid on the continuous tighter yet.

"Have you got the looks, have you got a figure, have you got magnetism? It'll do you no good, kiddo. What you want is a changeable voice.

"Can you imitate an Irish washlady, a French maid, a Society doll and a German emigrant girl by the talking of the mouth?"

"If so you're signed to stand behind the screen and furnish words to gestures from the films.

"That's the way, the pictures will be played next season. The nickelodeon shows will be accompanied by words. Behind the canvas a man will talk all the men's parts, and a woman will talk all the women's parts, and both will work the effects. Thatsy!

"The great life-saving scene in 'The Train Wreckers' Emma Louise, the 'Governess' only child and heir, walking down the tracks with cream puffs for papa!

"Seize and bind you gurg-r-r, she is too beautiful to live!"

"Oh, help! help! Stop that, you like run, or I'll slap your wrist!"

"Stun her gently, Bill! Now another knot! There, I guess that will hold you for awhile!"

"Whew-ee-ee!" (whistle effect).

"Chut! Chut! Chut! clang! clang! clang! (engine bell). Sssh, sssh, (engine blowing up). Harry Outline, the handsome engineer, comes out of the cab and runs along the footboard and bends over the cowcatcher!

"It is down grade, I cannot stop the train, because the Division Supt. would lay me off for thirty days, but I will save the girl!" Then reaching out he unties the knots in the second of an instant and has saved the girl—noisy!

"That's the way it will be did. Way, say, they are putting on 'The Two Orphans' in moving pictures, and the speeches, and speeches ain't cut to use either. That ain't all the old repeating plays that there ain't any royalties on will be put in the pictures this winter for next season or sooner, and with every reel of film a tame actor and actress will go to speak the lines behind the screens.

"Twenty a week and fares is all they'll pay, and it will be twelve shows a day; they'll run through them in an hour without waits between the acts. That's what the show business is coming to!"

I told you the nickelodeons was coming and you give me the laugh, and now I tell you what's next, and you can take it from me I'm hep because I've been sent for to pose at the biograph studio and I know what's going on.

"Dopey McKnight is composing a comic song, 'Father Found a Horse-Shoe in His Lung, Ain't He Lucky!' and he says he don't care, for now others will know what he suffered when them automatic piano-players was put in various dumps.

"Well, they can get away with them repertoire melodramas and knock-about farce sketches in the moving pictures, but they can't harm musical comedy, which is all girls and glitter, and a discriminating public with an eye to art and willing to pay two a throw for the real article won't patronize the picture shows whatever.

"The musical comedy appeals to the tired business man with half a sense who doesn't want to undergo the physical discomfort of thinking. He wants to see things, but he's afraid to sit in the dark."

"Little Johnny Slavin, the concentrated comedian, was telling me how successful musical shows was made.

"You don't want any of these Sudermann problems in a musical show plot, where the heroine walks in her sleep and eats coal, and becomes infatuated with a total stranger she sees wearing blue spectacles and riding a motorcycle. Then, after she has sent him word she loves him she learns that he has sneaked a franchise through the Town Council to pipe natural gas into the town, and thinks coal should only be used as jewelry at funerals.

"When she learns this she puts herself in the head with an axe and jumps into a swamp.

"That ain't what the public wants, Johnny Slavin says. They can't stand digesting a heavy dinner and a plot at the same time.

"All that's needed in a musical comedy, he says, is to have a bass drum that contains a will which will entice Bessie, the dairymaid, stolen in the first act. After that you bring on songs, with dancing choruses and elaborate electric light effects, and let your comedians put in bits that is sure fire humor, such as upping a safe on each other, or digging a hole in a piano with a mallet, and then in the last act, just as they group for the curtain, somebody comes in with the bass drums and says: 'The will is found! And Bessie, the dairymaid, is heir to the estates!'

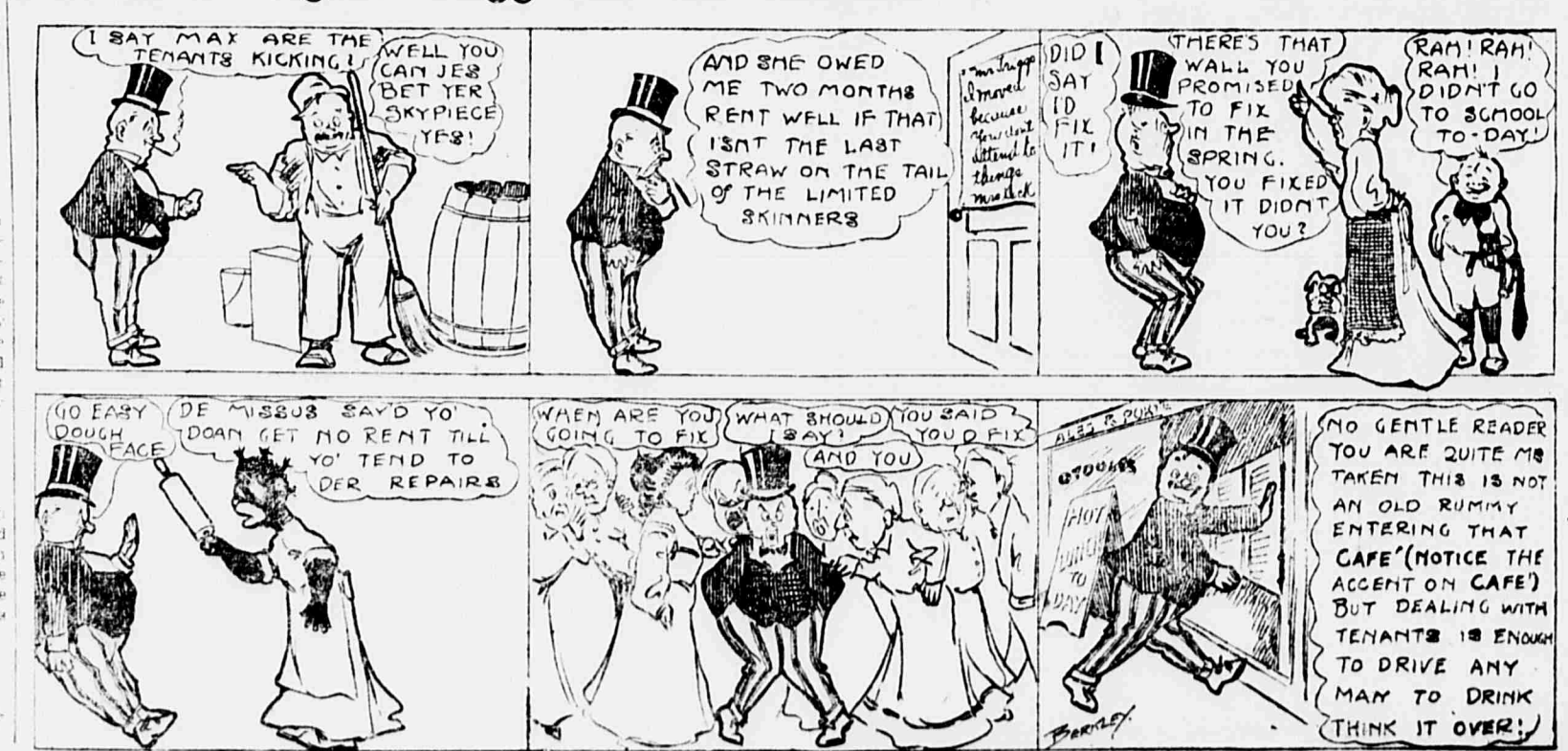
"Then the tenor folds Bessie in his arms and the comedian makes a dunning jump and goes through the drum, and the audience goes out to heat up its hang-over, saying, 'It's got the 'Merry Widow' skinned a mile!'

"Johnny Slavin says if you make your musical show any more complex than that you got to send for Murphy."

Flat-House Agent Trigg and the Tenants

Are They Kicking? It Looks Like It.

By F. M. Berkley.



The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 12—ANDREW JACKSON. Part II.—The Fighting Man.

A FREE fight in a Nashville tavern was the scandal of the whole South-west early in 1813. Such scrimmages were common enough at the time, but the high position of the two fighters made this of especial interest. The combatants were Andrew Jackson and the famous statesman Thomas H. Benton. Jackson quarrelled with Benton in an upper room of the tavern and proceeded to horsewhip him. Benton fought back. The friends of both parties joined in. Jackson got a bullet wound in the shoulder. Benton was thrown down a flight of stairs. Later the pair became good friends and remained so all their lives.

This was but one of several odd means whereby Jackson kept himself in the public eye in those days. Another sensational feat had occurred a few months earlier. With 2,000 of the men he had raised for national defense he had marched to Natchez, by order of the War Department. Then War Secretary Armstrong, believing the British would not invade that section, commanded Jackson to disband his little army. Jackson angrily refused to obey and marched his men back home with flying colors. For this stubbornness, as well as for personal toughness and endurance, he won from his rough soldiers the nickname of "Old Hickory."

Before Jackson had recovered from the bullet wound received in the Benton fight, the Creek Indians rose in a body—urged, it is said, by British emissaries—and declared war on the American settlers in the far South.

The half-breed Creek, Weathersford, with 1,000 warriors, massacred on Aug. 30, 1813, more than 400 settlers and soldiers at Fort Mims, Ala. Still weak and suffering from his wound, Jackson marched into the Southern wilderness with 2,500 militiamen to crush the Creeks. His men, mutilated, food ran short, the journey was blocked by almost impassable obstacles. Yet Jackson, brutally brave, skilful and overbearing, brushed every difficulty aside; forced his way through the heart of the hostile forest into a tract known to the Indians as "Holy Ground," where it had been prophesied no white man could live to set foot, smashed the Creek power in two fierce battles and made Weathersford a prisoner. Two of Jackson's frontier officers in this Creek War were to be heard from later. They were Sam Houston and Davy Crockett. The British chances of victory were greatly lessened by the rout of their red allies. The future President was already beginning to wipe out his debt of hate against England.

The next year the British, by consent of Spain (which then owned Florida), made Pensacola, Fla., one of their Southern headquarters. Thence they could ravage American possessions and retreat if necessary to the safe neutrality of Spanish soil. It was a clever trick. To put a stop to it in ordinary fashion months of long, stupid negotiations would have been necessary. But that was not Jackson's way. By this time he had been promoted to be Major-General and was in charge of the Department of the South. He asked Government leave to invade Florida and drive out the British. No answer was given to his request. So, as usual, he took the situation into his own hands. The British attacked Mobile on Sept. 14, 1814. Jackson drove them away. They fell back to the safety of Pensacola. But to their amazement Jackson, instead of stopping at the Spanish frontier, crossed with 3,000 men, invaded Florida, stormed Pensacola and marched on Fort Barrancas, which guarded the harbor where the British fleet lay. The flying British blew up the fort and fled to their ships. Jackson had literally chased them into the sea. By invading Florida he had risked war with Spain. The conservative element in America denounced him, and all sorts of punishment were threatened.

To threats and blame alike Jackson was deaf. He was already hurrying to New Orleans, having heard of an intended British advance on that city. Reaching New Orleans, Jackson found the place in disordered panic over the coming attack. He had no right, technically, to claim charge of the municipal government. But he did so, assuming the office of dictator, overruling the Mayor and Council, taking all affairs of civil defense into his own hands and arranging with consummate skill for the defense. The British—12,000 veterans under the Duke of Wellington's brother-in-law, Sir Edward Pakenham—landed near New Orleans, with the idea of seizing permanently for Great Britain the Lower Mississippi region. On Jackson hung the future of the Far South. He had under his command less than 6,000 men—most of them raw militia, trappers, farmers, shopkeepers and backwoodsmen.

Pakenham found Jackson's little force disputing his march to New Orleans lined up behind a barricade of cotton bales and sandbags. The Americans did not fire until the British were within short rifle range. Then they poured forth a series of volleys so accurate that the British regulars, who had conquered Napoleon's bravest legions, scattered and fled in wild retreat to their fleet, leaving nearly 2,000 dead and wounded on the field. Pakenham himself was slain. The American loss in killed and wounded was 21.

It was the greatest victory of its sort in history. Truly, Jackson had paid in blood for the sword-cut he had received as a boy.

By way of reward for this triumph the conqueror was arrested, placed on trial and fined \$1,000 for "illegally" making himself dictator of New Orleans.

The news of the Battle of New Orleans swept the whole country. Hitherto Jackson's fame had been confined to the South. Now he became all at once the nation's hero, the best known man in the United States. And as long as he lived he held first place in the popular mind. A rather unusual record in a nation that unmakes as well as makes heroes in a day. In 1813 Indian troubles led him once more to invade Florida. He set the insurance subjects whom he suspected of inciting the savages against our settlers. He said in defense:

"God would not have smiled on me had I punished only the poor, ignorant savages and spared the white men who set them on!"

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained on application by adding a one-cent stamp for each article to "The Evening World Circulation Department."

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

PRETTY, fancy

Aprons are

much used

just now

for the fashion-

able chafing dish

functions, and

also for the hours

given over to fancy

work and similar

employment. Here

are two that

are charmingly

attractive, yet

perfectly simple

withal, and that

can be made

from embroidered

swiss plain lawn,

the pretty striped

muslins and all

materials of the

sort. The tucked

apron gives a girde

effect, while the

princess apron is

made with full

side portions and

plait front and is

colloquial at its

lower edge.

The quantity of

material required

for the medium size

is 84 yard 27 or 34

inches wide for either

apron, with 2-1/2

yards of insertion

and 4 yards of edging

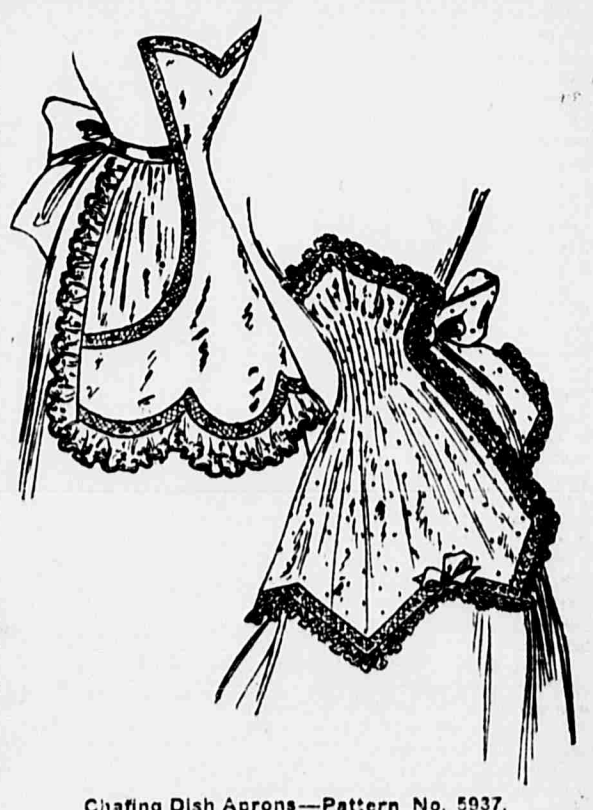
for the tucked apron.

234 yards warp of

insertion and lace for

the princess apron.

Pattern No. 5937 is cut one size only.



Chafing Dish Aprons—Pattern No. 5937.

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Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 122 East Twenty-third Street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.